

# THE DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

BY W. T. GILES.]

UPPER SANDUSKY, WYANDOT, O., FRIDAY, NOV. 14, 1845.

[VOL. 1. NO. 9.]

## Business Directory.

COUNTING HOUSE ALMANAC  
For the Year of Our Lord.  
1845.

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
January	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
February	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
March	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
April	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
May	29	30	31	1	2	3	4
June	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
July	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
August	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
September	26	27	28	29	30	31	1
October	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
November	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
December	16	17	18	19	20	21	22

## Job Printing

NEATLY AND EXPEDITIOUSLY  
EXECUTED  
AT THE OFFICE OF THE

**Democratic Pioneer.**

## John Sell,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Has located in Upper Sandusky, Ohio, where he will hereafter practice, and also in the adjoining counties. He will also faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care, both English and German, as he can speak both languages fluently.  
September 12, 1845.

## R. McKelley,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.  
UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.  
Office in the Land Office.

LAW AND LAND AGENCY NOTICE:

## Chester R. Mott,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, and Commissioner to take the acknowledgements of Deeds and other instruments under Seal, to be recorded in Pennsylvania, will hereafter practice in the county of Wyandot, and the adjoining counties. He will also faithfully and promptly attend to any Land Agency business entrusted to his charge. Deeds, Mortgages, and other instruments of writing, neatly and correctly drawn.  
OFFICE, Upper Sandusky, Wyandot Co., Ohio.  
[Sept. 5, 1845]

## Notice.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE!!

RISKS taken daily on LIVES and PROPEITY, on the most accommodating terms, either on mutual or cash plan, by the Ohio Mutual Fire Insurance company, Columbus.

Apply to  
HIRAM FLACK, Agent,  
Upper Sandusky.  
October 23d, 1845.—7-15

JOHN A. MORISON, Recorder,  
Office at Col. McElvain's Hotel, upstairs; where he may at all times be found when not necessarily absent.  
August 29th, 1845.

WOOD RECEIVED ON SUBSCRIPTION

## POETRY.

From the Wayne County Democrat.  
MANITOU & THE INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

BY MARIETTA.

Wild, wailing winds are sweeping by  
With dirge-like, mournful melody;  
Dark clouds are hurrying through the sky,  
And night is gleaming fitfully.  
The stately forest bows in dread,  
And scattered leaves sigh on the air;  
The wild-wood birds have frightened fled,  
Or chant low music of despair.

East rushing down a rocky steep  
That parts in twain before their might;  
A wilder world of waters sweep  
Down, down, before the shuddering sight,  
With a hoarse, roaring, fearful sound,  
Their glistering waves, covered with foam,  
Circle where jutting rocks abounded,  
And wrathful seek their unseen home.

A vivid flash of lurid light  
Reveals the terror of the storm;  
When there, upon the rocky height  
Stands, all unmoved, a human form.  
Yes! towering there in lofty pride,  
With folded arms and streaming hair,  
An Indian stands, and o'er the tide  
His wild deep tones ring on the air.

"Are they all, all forever gone?  
All, driv'n from their abiding place!  
Am I the last—the only one,  
Of my once mighty, haughty race!  
Aye, howl, ye winds! 'e waters roar!  
And forest trees creak sounds of woe!  
Why should you smile?—I can no more;  
For they are gone—yes it is so."

Words cannot tell the misery  
The white man's heaped on us—our pride;  
They've wronged us all—but none like me,  
For oh, they stole my love, my bride.  
Revenge! revenge! if but this arm  
Could do me half this proud heart wills,  
It should not cease its bloodied harm  
Till every white man's blood it spills."

He ceased, and as the deep-breathed sound  
Was heard in echoed tones no more,  
A silence fell on all around—  
"E'en winds and waters ceased their roar,  
Then far, far down the precipice  
There glowed a beaming, halo light,  
And a bright form in the abyss  
Gleamed on the wand'ring Indian's sight,

And on his ear, comes wafting faint,  
The soft tones of the vision's voice,  
Manitou hears his warrior's plaint,  
And comes to bid him to rejoice.  
He bids him change his notes of woe,  
To those of happy, joyful song,  
For he will ten-fold vengeance throw  
Upon the white man's head, ere long.

Look down, and you will see the place  
Manitou has prepared for thee,  
And for all of thy mighty race,  
That did from dire oppression flee.  
So come and fear not, though the way  
Darksome and lonely may appear;  
Thy people mourn thy weary stay;  
Then haste—thy bride awaits thee here."

The Indian looks—a lovely green,  
With groves and streams, and flowers was there;  
And warrior forms were dimly seen,  
With maidens blooming bright and fair,  
Whilst all apart from the glad throng,  
His bride seemed waiting for his brave.  
The Indian leaped, nor lingered long—  
The whirlpool waters in his grave,  
WOOSTER, 1845.

## Historical Sketch.

Col. Crawford burned to Death.  
Reported by Dr. Knight.

About the end of March, or early in April, 1782, the western Indians commenced annoying the border settlements in Ohio, Washington, Youghiogany and Westmoreland counties. On account of these troublesome incursions, the principle officers of those counties, particularly Colonels Williamson and Marshall, tried all means to carry on a campaign against the Wyandot villages, which they could only accomplish by holding out all possible encouragements to volunteers. They therefore offered to every man who should come forward, to furnish him with a horse, a rifle, and provisions for one month, exemption from two years of militia duty, and further, that every one who had been robbed by the Indians, in case his effects were found in the Indian villages, should recover his own by proving his property; and that all horses, unavoidably lost during the campaign, should be replaced by those taken from the enemy.

The time fixed for the general rendezvous of the volunteers was the 20th of May, and the place the old Mingo village, on the bank of the Ohio, about forty miles below Fort Pitt by land, and about seventy-five by water.

By general agreement of these western counties, Col. Crawford was elected commander in chief of this expedition. He

accordingly arrived at Fort Pitt, as a volunteer, two days before the general meeting. As no surgeon had yet been appointed, Gen. Irving was requested by Col. Crawford to allow me to go with him (my consent having been asked previously) to which the General agreed, in case Col. Gibson would not object.

After obtaining Col. Gibson's permission, I left Fort Pitt on Tuesday, the 21st of May, and arrived at Mingo valley the next evening. The volunteers did not all cross the river till Friday morning the 24th; they then divided themselves into eighteen companies, electing their captains by vote. They elected also a commander in chief, four field majors, and one brigade major. Four hundred and 65 men voted.

We took up the line of march on Saturday, May 24th, in a westerly direction. On the fourth day we reached the old Moravian village on the Muskingum, about sixty miles from the Ohio river.

On Tuesday evening, May 29th, Major Brenton and Captain Bean went a short distance beyond the camp to reconnoitre. About a quarter of a mile from the camp they discovered two Indians, upon whom they fired, and then retreated. It was here that we were first discovered, as we afterwards learned.

On Thursday, June 4th, the eleventh day of our march, we arrived at the place where Sandusky formerly stood. The inhabitants had moved eighteen miles down the creek, near the Lower Sandusky. As neither our guides nor any one of us knew anything about their moving, we supposed that no Indian village was nearer than Upper Sandusky, which was about forty miles distant.

After resting our horses we set out to look for their settlements; but we had hardly traveled four miles from the old village, when a number of our men desired to return home; some of them pretended to have only five days' provisions left.

The field officers and captains held a council, and determined to move on that afternoon; but before the council sat, a small body of horse was sent out to reconnoitre.

Just as the council broke up a messenger arrived from these spies, bringing the news that they had journeyed about three miles when they met a great number of Indians advancing. The spies joined us soon after, and about a mile ahead we met the Indians, occupying a forest before us, while we were in an open plain; our men dismounted, advanced, and drove them out of their position.

The enemy, after being reinforced, wheeled to the right, and a part of them attacked us in the rear, which gave the fight a serious turn. The contest grew hotter on both sides, and lasted from 4 o'clock until dusk, each party keeping their ground. The field officers met next morning and concluded, that as the enemy were increasing in numbers continually, and as many of our men were wounded already, it would be best to retire on the following night. The whole force was to form in three columns, and take the wounded men in the middle. We had four men dead and twenty-three wounded, seven of them dangerously, and on their account we had to prepare as many biers, to carry them off. After dark the officers went to the sentinels and called them off as suddenly as possible. Just as the troops were forming the enemy fired some guns, whereupon some of our men declared that the Indians having discovered our intentions, were giving the alarm. Now, many of our foremost men rushed on, and the rest following them, left the wounded men behind; who, however, escaped, some on horseback, others by the aid of their friends.

Scarcely a quarter of a mile from the battle field, I heard Col. Crawford calling upon his son-in-law, Major Harrison, and his nephews, Major Rose, and William Crawford. I went to him and told him that they were probably before us. He asked me, "Is it you, Doctor?" I answered "Yes," and he replied that they were not ahead, and asked me not to leave him, which I promised.

We now waited and called continually for those men, till all the troops had passed. The Colonel now said, that his horse was nearly exhausted, that he could not keep up with the troops, and requested that some of his best friends might stay with him. He then accused the militia of starting in such an abrupt manner, leaving the wounded men behind against his orders. Soon after two men, an old man and a young one, overtook us. We asked them about the persons before mentioned, but they did not know any thing about them.

The old man lagged behind several times, but always called loudly to wait for him. Just as we were going to scold him on account of the noise he was making, I heard an Indian yelling "Hollo!" about one hundred and fifty yards ahead of him.

We did not hear or see any thing more of the old man. It was now midnight; the cries of the Col. and of the young man could not move any further, and were behind. We went due east, about two o'clock we met Capt. Biggs, who had carried Lieut. Ashley from the battle field, when wounded.

As the wounded officer was riding Captain Biggs's horse, I gave mine to the Captain. The Colonel and I went ahead on foot, about one hundred yards; the Captain and the wounded officer following, with two young men in their rear. One mile and a half further on, several Indians jumped up, about fifteen or twenty paces before us. Seeing but three of them at first, I went behind a big black oak, and tried to get an aim at them with my rifle, but the Colonel called twice not to fire; one of the Indians then went up to him and grasped his hand. The Colonel now desired me to lay down my rifle, which I did. One of them then came up to me; I had seen him before; he called me "Doctor," and took my hand. They were Delaware Indians, of the Wengem tribe.

Captain Biggs fired at them, but without effect. They told us to call these men in, or they will kill them, which the Colonel did, but they ran off and escaped for the present. The Colonel and myself were taken to the Indian camp, about half a mile off. On Sunday evening, five Indians, who had been stationed further on, brought in Captain Biggs and Lieutenant Ashley's scalps, and also that of an Indian, which Captain Biggs had taken during the battle. They also brought in the horses of Captain Biggs and myself. The other two men, they said, had made their escape.

June 10th, we marched to Sandusky, about 33 miles distant. The Indians were seventeen in number, and had eleven prisoners and four scalps.

Col. Crawford, being anxious to see one Simon Girty, who lived amongst the Indians, obtained permission to go to the village, conducted by two warriors. They were ordered to pass the place where Col. Crawford had left his horse, in order to obtain it if possible. The rest of us were taken from the old village to the new one.

On the 11th, Col. Crawford was brought back on purpose that he might march in with the rest of the prisoners. I asked the Colonel if he had seen Girty. He said he had, and that Girty had promised to do every thing in his power for him. He told me too that his (Crawford's) son-in-law, and his nephew William Crawford had been captured by the Shawnees, but were set at liberty.

At the place where we were ordered to sit down, a number of squaws and boys attacked the five prisoners who were still alive, and killed them with their tomahawks; four others had already been tortured to death in the most cruel manner. Amongst the prisoners was one John McKinly formerly an officer of the 13th Virginia regiment, whose head, after being chopped off by a squaw, was kicked about by the Indians. The young Indians came several times where the Colonel and I were, and threw the scalps in our faces. They now conducted us to the place where the Colonel was to be burned. Almost every Indian who met us hit us with his fist or with a stick. Girty waited till we were near, and then asked, "Is that the Doctor?" I answered, "Yes," and went up to him, offering my hand; but he told me to be off, and called me a damned rascal.

After coming to the fire the Colonel was entirely stripped, and ordered to sit down by the fire; they then commenced beating him with sticks and with their fists. Soon after, having treated me in the same manner, they tied a rope to the bands on his wrists. The Colonel called Girty, and asked if they were going to burn him. "Yes," said Girty. Captain Peip, a Delaware chief, now addressed the Indians, consisting of about thirty or forty men, and sixty or seventy squaws.

After the speech was finished, they screamed horribly in approbation of what he had said. The Indians then took their rifles and fired powder into the body of the Colonel. I think not less than seventy charges were fired at his naked body. They closely surrounded him and cut off his ears, as I should judge, for after the crowd had dispersed a little, I saw the blood trickling from both sides of his head.

The fire was about six or seven yards from the post to which he was tied, and consisted of hickory pole burnt through the middle, leaving about six feet on each end. Three or four Indians one after the other, took up one of those burning poles and stuck them in his body, which was already burned black with powder.

These tormentors surrounded him completely; whichever side he moved he was burned by their burning poles. Some squaws took up broad boards, heaped burning coals and hot cinders upon them, and threw them on his body, so that shortly after he could not step on any thing but hot ashes and burning coals.

In this painful situation he called Simon Girty and begged that he would shoot him; Girty did not answer; he called to him again, and Girty jeeringly answered that he had no rifle, turned round to an Indian, laughed outright, and showed by all his actions that he was pleased with the horrid scene.

Girty then came to me and told me to prepare myself for death. He said that I was not to die there, but would be burned to death in the village of the Shawnees. He swore by the Almighty that I could expect to escape death, but should suffer the cruellest tortures.

During his tortures Col. Crawford prayed to the Almighty to have mercy on his soul. He spoke in a subdued tone, and bore his sufferings with real fortitude. His execrable pains lasted about two hours. At last, when his strength failed, he prostrated himself on his belly; they then scalped him, threw his scalp several times in my face, and said, "that was your great captain." An old squaw, (who closely resembled the idea most people have of Satan), took a board, heaped coals and ashes on it, and put them on the Colonel's back after he was scalped. He once more raised himself on his feet and walked round the stake. They again applied the burning pole to him, but his feelings seemed to have left him.

The Indian, in whose custody I was left, now took me to the house of Captain Peip, about three quarters of a mile from the place where Col. Crawford was executed. I was kept tied all night and was therefore unable to see the end of that scene of horror. The next morning, June 12th, the Indian untied me, blackened my all over, and went with me to the village of the Shawnees, which, according to his statement, was about forty miles distant. We passed the spot where the Colonel was burnt; it was on our road. I saw his bones nearly burnt to ashes, among the remains of the fire. They probably put his body on the fire after he died.

The Indian told me that was my great captain and gave the scalp-yell. He was on horseback and drove me before him.

I feigned not to know that I was to be killed in the village, tried to be as cheerful as possible, and asked him if we might not live as brothers in one house! This seemed to please him, and he said "Yes." He now asked me if I could build a wigwam (Indian hut) I asserted that I could. This pleased him still more. We traveled about twenty-five miles this day, in a somewhat southerly direction. The Indian told me we would reach the village next day by the time the sun was south.

After lying down to sleep at night, I tried several times to free myself, but the Indian was very watchful, and seldom closed his eyes. He got up at day break, untied me, stirred the fire, and as the mosquitoes were very troublesome, I asked if I might not make some smoke behind us, which he assented to. I took the end of a dogwood fork, which was burned down to the length of about eighteen inches—this was the longest stick I could get, though not quite long enough for my purpose: I then took a smaller piece of wood, put a coal between them, and going behind him, turned quickly round and struck him on the head with all my might, which stunned him so far, that he fell forward into the fire with both his hands. But as I saw him coming to again, I seized his rifle, when he ran off, giving a terrible yell. I followed him, intending to shoot him, but in cocking the rifle, I probably broke the spring of the lock. I pursued him about thirty yards, trying in vain to fire the rifle. I returned to the fire; took his blanket, a pair of shoes, his hand basket, slot bag, and powder horn, and ran off. About half an hour after sun-down, I reached a plain which was about sixteen miles wide. I laid down in a thicket until dark, then rose and crossed the plain, guided by the north star, and reached the woods before daylight. I travelled on all next day, and at noon crossed the path of our troops. These trails run nearly east and west, but in order not to be seen by the enemy, I went north all that afternoon.

At night I felt very tired, which was not to be wondered at. I had been a prisoner six days, the first three or four days I ate but little, and the last two days scarcely any thing at all. There was a certain weed growing abundantly about this spot, and I knew that the juice of it would refresh and strengthen me greatly. I collected a large bundle of it, lay down beneath a large beach tree, sucked heartily of the juice, and fell asleep. Next day I went east, and continued this direction during the rest of my journey. I crossed the Muskingum river about three miles below Fort Lawrence, and thence I inclined more towards the Ohio river.

All this time I lived on gooseberries, prickly pears, young nettles, and the juice of several weeds, two young black birds and a terrapin, which I eat raw.

I reached the Ohio river about five miles below Fort McIntosh, on the evening of the 21st day after my escape, and on the 22d, at 7 o'clock in the morning, (which was the 4th of July) I arrived at the fort in safety, although greatly tired.

## Justice.

A white trader sold a quantity of powder to an Indian, and imposed upon him by making him believe it was a grain which grew like wheat, by sowing it upon the ground. He was greatly elated by the prospect, not only of raising his own powder, but of being able to supply others, and thereby becoming immensely rich. Having prepared his ground with the utmost exactness in the spring. Month after month passed away, but his powder did not even sprout, and winter came before he was satisfied that he had been deceived. He said nothing; but some time after, when the trader had forgotten the trick, the same Indian succeeded in getting credit of him to a large amount. The time set for payment having expired, he sought out the Indian at his residence, and demanded payment for his goods. The Indian heard his demand with great complaisance; then, looking him shrewdly in the eye, said, "Me pay you when my powder grow." This was enough. The guilty white man quickly retraced his steps, satisfied, we apprehend, to balance account with the chagrin he had received.

The Grand Lodge of the Masonic order in this state, adopted at its last sitting, a resolution ordaining that a solemn funeral rite be celebrated in the room of the Grand Lodge, on the fourth Monday of next November, to the memory of their very illustrious brother Andrew Jackson, deceased. Special invitations will be sent to all the Grand Lodges in the Union, as well as to the ladies of New Orleans.—N. O. Courier.

Jake says, he knows a family somewhere who are in the habit of having nothing for breakfast, and warming it up for dinner. He thinks the boys would make good printers!

Pete says he knows a family that beats Jake's. They have nothing for breakfast, warm it over for dinner and eat what is left for supper! They have several smart boys, and think of making all of them editors.

## A Tart Reply.

A lady who presumed to make some observations, while a physician was recommending her husband to a better world, was told by the doctor, that if some women were to be admitted there, their tongues would make a paradise a purgatory. "And if some physicians," replied the lady, "were to be admitted there they would make it a desert."

'Laying down the law,' as the Irishman said when he knocked down the Judge.

## The Death Lamp.

A person writing from France mentions the following curious scene, which presented itself on his visit to the vaults of the church of St. Denis, in which the French Kings are entombed. But the most singular of all other things is a lamp, which is kept burning on the coffin of Louis XVIII, and which, it is said, is to be continued burning until Louis Philippe dies—he being the next king on the throne, to whom the lamp will pass, until his successor dies. Napoleon did not die on the throne, neither did Charles X, consequently Louis XVIII has not been buried, neither has the lamp ever been allowed to go out. It looks dreary and dark as midnight in the vault, and I involuntarily shuddered as I looked through the iron grating into the chamber of death, and viewed the dark pall upon the tomb. The light of the lamp was more like a star flickering through a dark cloud. Indeed it was the chamber of death.

## TO A BANK NOTE.

I will not take thee, rascal elf,  
In payment for my labor,  
Your villainy's revealed itself,  
You've robbed myself and neighbor.

Your very face is all a lie,  
Your promise but a bubble;  
You raise the price on all I buy,  
And plunge mankind in trouble.

And when we ask you for the cash—  
How well the matter's mended!  
We find your BANK "IS BROKE TO SMASH,"  
Or, HANG YOUR YOUTH SUFFERED!

For bank the farmer grows his corn—  
The laborer gives his earning;  
The student like a sheep is shorn,  
In spite of all his learning.

## SPEAK IT BOLDLY.

Be thou like the first apostles—  
Be thou like heroic Paul,  
If a free thought seeks expression,  
Speak it boldly! speak it all!

Face thine enemies—accusers,  
Scorn the prison, rack or rod;  
And if thou hast truth to utter,  
Speak! and leave the rest to God.